

CHERRY

**ROLLER
VIRGIN**
A ball on
wheels!

**POOLSIDE
PUSSY**
Good clean
wet fun!



**PAGES FULL OF
HOT YOUNG SWEETS**



EDITORIAL.

There's always been a certain mystique surrounding virginity, a supernatural reverence that characterizes the religious, moral, and social values of man, whether that society be primitive, medieval or highly advanced. The Virgin Mary sustained the faith by incomparable Conception while many pagan and non-pagans considered virgin to be the only sacrifice worthy of and acceptable to the gods. Virgin Virgins were believed to have magical powers, and for centuries our revered virginity as virtually a prerequisite in choosing a mate. There is no doubt that virgin have made a deep and lasting contribution to evolution and history. The virgin contained in these girls are, like the ancient counterparts, *Semiramide*, and as you look upon the purity and innocence reflected in their eyes it will become clear why the image of the maiden dominates art, science, and philosophy. Perhaps there is a little bit of stage, and just a hint of the drama, in virginity after all.

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ALL MODELS ARE 18 YEARS OR OLDER
PHOTO BY PELT - STYLING BY GENE

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ROLLER VIRGIN



Get an establishment a pair of roller skates and you end up with a contortionist on wheels.

"I am originally a contemporary Lady Godiva," says little Lucy. "Of course, horses are a bit cumbersome on this day and age, so to keep up with the times I do my bare back (and



short) acrobatics. It's more economical to break glass than to buy a horse and horse."

Although Lucy has always had a casual attitude toward nudity, she's only recently been putting her assets on public display.

"My parents were both purchasing狂 and when I was young, the whole family would go to the nudist colony as free bodies to nakedness has never been a big deal to me. Is that kind of environment? It's all natural and how could anyone feel self-conscious?"



Masturb is a learned habit, one which I've never acquired.

"Anyways, as a child, I was an only daughter, a real tom boy because I was strong and plucky, and that's as far as the boys used to make fun of me. They always used to be the girls with the big torpedoes. Now that I have filled out, those same guys are still salivating for you crack at my back, so that's my revenge. They can stink all they want, but the only thing they're gonna get out are their butts. I gotta do it for the attention, probably because of those massive stars, when I wasn't very attractive, but now all



stink on my titties."

Lucky especially loves fishing around factories and warehouses.

"These poor men are in there shoving day after day doing monotonous jobs, so every once in a while, they need something to brighten up the day. Nolimits breaks up the routine like the night of a naked lady barking by. I'm sure they go back to their jobs feeling refreshed, alert, and productive, so I'm doing my part to spur the economy."

"Another reason I do it is just part to watch people's reactions. The look on a man's face when he sees his and sees that by his window is priceless. I sometimes say, 'Smile, you're on *Charlie and Garsen*', which really breaks them but I'm careful about where I flash, after all, I wouldn't want to cause a traffic accident."



While she loves to show off her body, Lucy is still a virgin.

"I guess that's the man I look for," she says, "because I really stay in the same place long enough. My philosophy of life is to keep moving. I think I have a little gypsy in my blood, though you'd never know it with my blonde hair. I'm a natural wanderer. I have really and have a restless nature. If I'm in one spot too long, I get itchy. I'm always curious about what's around the next bend. Someday I'll do some real travelling like to Europe or The Orient, but for now I'm content to keep around the city, and I won't let my grass grow under my feet. The



way I spent it, I'll move down to being a wife and mother sooner or later, so there'll be plenty of time for fucking and seeking then. Right now, I won't let myself get in a rut."

To Lucy, roller skating is more than just a hobby. It's the reflection of her growing awareness of the importance of physical fitness.

"Now that I've finally got a good body, I want to keep it," Lucy states proudly. "I watch my diet, take vitamins

and exercise every day, and sauna regularly so skating is a good way to keep trim. I've never been much of an athlete,



but I'm a real athlete supporter. If I get good enough, I may try out for the Olympic roller skating team. If I could finish the judges like I think guys on the street, I'd get a gold medal for sure."

Does Lucy ever worry that her sexual reputation will get her in trouble?

"No, neither the cops nor any of the guys I think have ever come close to catching me. Roller skates are made for quick getaways. Besides, there is an advantage to being in a big city in that strangers won't recognize you. Many



people hate cows because they're so anonymous, but if you a certain amount of anonymity, I can do whatever I want without worrying that someone's going to see. The Mayor is my pet dog, will know about it. In a small town, there is no way I could indulge myself that way without creating a scandal, but in the city, I can let my hair down."

What's in store for our succulent player?

"Who knows? I never plan very far in advance. But I suppose I'll get into some profession where I can live out my exhibitionist fantasies for money. Like naked dancing, nude modeling, or striping. I had a friend



who worked as a stripper in New York, she made five hundred dollars a week, just for wagging her bare bottom. That's my kind of job.

"Everybody, I'll meet a man who really writes my cage down though. I am still cherry, I've been reading every sex manual I can get my hands on, from De Mestral to Masters and Johnson, from 'The Joy of Sex' to 'How to Get laid without Breaking scared the Bush'. I plan to write a book myself: 'The Feminine Shabot, or Coming while Going'."

"Meanwhile, I'll go on being the Stripper on Skid Row for as long as the mood strikes me—until I get caught. So if one day you look out your window to see a bizarre beauty which by, don't worry, it's only me." ■





CHEERLEADER

Next year, friend. I don't even want to grow up," says Annette, clutching her hand firmly. "Once you're out of your teens, it's all over. Marriage and kids, what kind of life is that to look forward to?"

"Take a look at my life, for example. All right, so I'm not yet up

"A WHOLE STADIUM FULL OF PEOPLE GETTING OFF ON MY BODY . . . WHAT AN EGO TRIP!"

date on the morning for school. Everything ain't be perfect, but once I get there, I've got a whole class full of people-looking guys and friendly girls to keep me company. When a woman goes after she won't have a group of men like that to choose from again and usually of she has one or two good friends she can consider herself lucky."

"After school, I practice with the cheerleading squad...Now there's an ego trip and a half! A whole stadium full of people getting off looking at

"I FIND THE BEST LOOKING PICTURE OF THE BEST LOOKING TEEN IDOL AND I START PLAYING WITH MY PUSSY!"

my body! But once age catches up to you and those you start sagging and you have varicose veins in your legs, nobody's gonna wanna sit you. Not only that, but you're out there on the field, with the biggest best-looking girls in the world. Once you've seen that from the closest road, women just to you like that is watching them on a TV screen.



CHERRY



"Oh, so after practice I go home. Mom's got supper all ready for me. A. That sure as hell doesn't happen when you're over the hill. Then I go up to my room and turn on the music. May be take out a few magazines or turn and flip through it. It's just check full of pernicious pop stars like Cat Stevens and Frank Fazalina. So I throw my self back on the bed, and take off my skirt. And the sexiest looking picture of the best looking man who had sex playin' with my pussy. You can get away with that if you're an adolescent. But not without an older woman laying in bed, gettin' off a big. Over a picture of Frank Stevens or Tom Jones or one of those other old faggs. If anybody caught her they'd send her away in the hospital! Women don't do these things, only menages."



"Then I'll call my one of my girlfriends and talk on the phone for a couple of hours, just talking about the latest research or whatever, or what's going steady with who she wants. Do that when you're married?" No way not when you get a house to clean a husband to feed a runnin' little kid to clean up! You're lucky if you have time to do it!







"On top of everything else, there's the dating. I'm not the most popular girl in school, but I generally have three or four boys call me up, every night in the week, wanting to take me out. Once you do the last a single phone call could send you to the divorce court. Even if you are a single woman who gets three or four calls a night from men who want a date will soon be the scandal of the town. Good girls don't have so many boyfriends, not without causing a reputation in the town where. But if a teenage girl doesn't get at least half a dozen calls a week, the figure it must be has been.

"So now do you begin to understand why I intend to remain a virgin as long as I can? I mean, it's not just the danger of getting knocked up. I know enough about birth control to know that from happening. It's everything the whole idea. When you start getting laid, it's supposed to mean you're a grown-up woman. Who wants that kind of headache and responsibility? Not me. I'd rather tick books and make lists over a magazine photo of



"ONCE AGE CATCHES UP
WITH YOU, AND THOSE
TITS START SAGGING AND
YOU'VE GOT VARICOSE
VEINS IN YOUR LEGS,
WHO'S GONNA WHISTLE
AT YOU?"



Women (mostly) don't even think about the babies that go with being a pregnant woman.

"Another example, my allowance is used to do with as I please. I want a cake. I go out and buy a cake. I don't have to sit there for two hours trying to work it into the family budget for the week. If I need a new dress for the prom, or just a new pair of jeans, I tell my mother, and we go out shopping. That's all there is to it. Then, when you get out in years, you gotta worry and over live years and to get yourself a good-enough toothbrush!"

"So that's it in a nutshell, pal. That little cherubette has every obligation of keeping her hygiene a long, long time. I'm going to live as a teenager for as long as I can. With my luck, I'll be the world's only thirty year old teenager. Why do many girls try to act older really bothers me! To me, the only bad thing about being a teenager is the fact that being an adult is boring!" ■



feel comfortable doing that if Dad were around.

"The other night I invited some friends over for a pool party. We had a barbecue, and later we all went skin衣-dipping. It was pretty tame, not really, and we broke it up early. The last time I invited over the guys coming around, or neighbors coming phoning to my parents when they got back.

"People out here are pretty cool about things like that, anyway. When we lived back east it was different. I think the weather has a lot to do with it. Here, the sunbathes all year long, so everybody is together the whole time and it's a friendly atmosphere. In the east, we'd get buried up to our eyes in snow for nine months, so people tended to hibernate & when the spring time came, you had to get to know them all over again.

**"ONE DAY WHILE MOM
AND DAD WERE OUT,
SHE TRIED TO FRENCH
ME AND STICK HER
FINGERS UP MY PUSSY."**

"We always had a hard time making friends. My folks are well to do, and they always had a very sheltered life. I guess I have the inclination of being a spoiled brat, but I'm not really stuck up, just shy, particularly when it comes to guys.

"When I was young, my parents sent me to a private school, all girls, so I never really learned how to interact around men. A few years back, my father hired a governess to tutor me. She was fairly young and quite attractive, but one day while Mom and Dad were out, she tried to French me and stuck her fingers up my pussy. Can you believe it? It grossed me out and I told my father at once to let her go. He fired her on the spot. I haven't had much contact with guys, but women are definitely not my bag.

"The trouble with most of the ones I have met is that they're too vulgar and crude. They've all been of the 'Hey baby, wanna fuck?' school of education. What kind of life are that for a lady?"





"You're a real romantic at heart. I will dream of Prince Charming, coming to sweep me away. Someone like Aragon from 'Lord of the Rings.'

"I was born in the wrong era, that's my problem. I should be born in the age of chivalry. I want to be treated like a real lady ... like Guinevere before I gave myself to a man. I like



the idea of men worshiping women. I sometimes wonder what it would be like to have two men fighting over me or to have a dozen knight fight a dragon on my behalf.

"A few years ago, my father took me to one of the *Broadsword Fights*. I couldn't believe my eyes! It was so bloody! Some of those men were real brutes, too! Of course, Dad never let me out of his sight long enough for me to take advantage of any of them. I was even surprised when he let me play *Scat-Scat-Scat*. That's a game where the guys are sitting on hassocks all day and you fire sponges at them with a crossbow. Anyways, you feel you get to kill and I'm not following about a pack on the check. I went up to claim my pants and the French-kissed me for three full minutes! It felt a rush going up and down my spine like an elevator. If Mom and Dad weren't standing there watching, I'd have raped him on the spot. Next year, I am planning to go to the *Fight* by myself! They have a 'Doroch-a-Bunch' game where the guys fire sponges at the ladies. I want to work in that booth, so I can kiss the girls all day long and let them do the paying!

"Sometimes I imagine myself as Indian boys when people worshipped sun gods. I particularly do my eye- and hand-angles and frequently dance and turned water into sand and sang around the maypole. They were quite free-wsally in those days, but in a natural way not like now."

"I guess I spend more time day-dreaming than I should but I hate the 20th Century. There's no romance in it. People have lost their imagination. I think dreams are the most important people in society. Without them what would we have? People also have no sense of adventure at this day and age. Whatever happened to the present spirit that let guys like Columbus to discover a new world? Nowadays people don't have going on for all the dreams."

"Somday I might write all my day-dreams down. Then I probably make for an interesting book, but since subtlety and sarcasm are out of style it may not sell very well."

"When I find a man with imagination and a sense of adventure and who preferably looks like Angus then I'll go out with my mind-bread... not before."



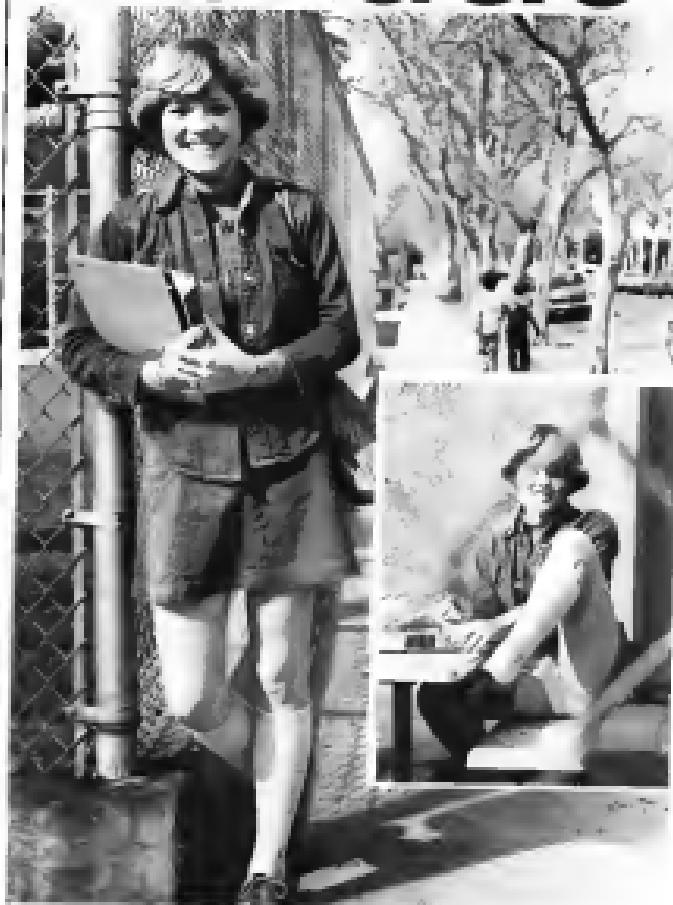
Nude Interlude

To most of her fellow students, staying after school is the equivalent of capital punishment, but to Diane Gayle's concerned, it's a treat. She is a straight A student, top in her class, but two or three afternoons a week, Gayle stays after class to get extra help with her studies through the mentor of who she needs a third eye. So what's the secret?

"Mr. Powell, my biology instructor," she says dreamily. "He's a living doll, and what girl doesn't like to play with dolls?" He has long hair and a beard, and grows open like a rose. All the girls fawn over him, but he seems no take a special interest in me. I guess because I'm such a good student. It's not unusual for anything like that. Mr. Powell wouldn't get involved with any of his students, even though he's the most eligible bachelor on campus. He's just too ethical to know anything but a chaste-teacher relationship. Actually, he's not much older than his pupils. When he finished graduate school last spring, he lived with the Sioux Indians a while. They taught him a lot.

"He's really into ecology, conservation, and preservation of wildlife. He makes his left grocery store of bird feeders half a dozen, but he's too busy lobbying to save endangered species and actively campaigning on ecological issues to think about getting laid. Still, we've had several talk sessions after class, and he's taught me about the biology that we meant to teach between man and his environment, and thanks to him, I'm going on to study forestry and agriculture."

"Last week in class, we started studying human biology, which led into sex education. No matter how clinical he tried to make it sound, all that talk about penises and vulvas made me blither than a Baccalaureate Mass. Prayer, and I swear he was looking at me the whole time."









"In the long run, it's just as well I left after Mr. Powell from class. At the point, my sexual affair would only interfere with my school work, and right now, that's more important. That's why I'm still a virgin, even though I've had plenty of opportunity."



"In fact, and some of the others were mighty tempting. There's too much I want to do with my life to let myself get sidetracked by unimportant complications."

So what does Gayle do to vent her frustrations after a day of yearning for Mr. Powell?

"My favorite thing is to strip off in the woods on my way home from school," Gayle explains. "It's so quiet, all you hear are birds and small animals. There's no one around, so I take off my clothes and feel the sun warm my body. It's like Mr. Powell says about the synergy between man and nature; when I'm naked, I'm one with the Great Spirit. I let my mind roam free. I imagine me and Mr. Powell, alone in the wilderness, like Adam and Eve, in the Garden of Eden, so I drag myself halfway to heaven."



Sometimes even a smile isn't enough to seal the cover.

"There are times I just can't concentrate on my homework. I'm so busy. My rule of thumb is if you want to be best in your class, you gotta make peace with your sex. I can't knock a problem when there's a problem in my truck, so I take care of that.

Hump fest... *Masterbation* is a part of my regular study routine."

Clark's examples herself fluctuate to begin with this generation.

"It's an exciting time to be a woman," she proclaims. "Throughout history, women have had to struggle for jobs, education, even voting rights. My generation is the first to reap the benefits of that long, hard fight. I have far more options to choose from, in terms of career, childbearing, and sexual freedom, than my mother or grandmother ever had. In some ways

**"ALL THAT TALK ABOUT
PUSSIES AND PRICKS
MADE ME HOTTER THAN
SATURDAY NIGHT
FEVER."**

she thought as flagrantly. It means I have to take responsibility for my own decisions. I can't blame the system for my failures, can I? And I rely on myself to handle them for me. It's a real challenge to be literate and independent, but my parents' only an hindrance in my imagination.

"Even though I haven't really explored the range of my sexual feelings yet, I'm grateful for the progress that's been made. Time was, men didn't even believe we had feelings! Now they're learning what it means to please their ladies in the sack, and by the time I'm ready to give up my abstinence, hopefully they'll all be experts on the subject!

"My big wish is that I can find more men of Mr. Powell's caliber. I'd rather a date for a girl to have a crush on like Hunter, but Mr. Powell has broadened my definition of man more than just biology. Thanks to him, I've learned my own mind, what qualities I want in a man.

"He's like Hunter I'll never forget."





Inside Jaime's Drawers



There are a million and ten things that Jamie would rather do than clean up her room. Camp when there's no way around, even, or through the execution of every clothes-candy wriggles and dances at *Swanson Magnetics*, and successful interviews without raising hell and hush will she sweep up the debris and shovel it into her chest of drawers.

While we admire both Jamie's chest and her drawers, her chest of drawers is another matter entirely. Once in a blue moon when Jamie feels under the weather her time was an 1973, she'd tackle the colossal task of rifling and sifting through the odds and ends she has accumulated. We were there on one such occasion.

"Ooh-fucking-sagacious!" she taunts

winking into a pair of black cotton panties. "They still fit! I haven't worn these since the night of my dinner with I was supposed to go with Bill Beasley. What a bitch and a half! Every time he turned my nose around, my ass was raped! I bought these panties just to turn him on after the party. I was going to let him drag my cherry tree with that big one of his





"Anyway, Bill emerged to get himself resupplied a week before the class. I ended up going with Woodrow White, the school nerd. Woodrow was the epitome of an atheist. He had a face like a chipmunk and glasses with lenses so thick that bright sunlight would fry his eyeballs. His mind was a bottomless pit. He had an insatiable desire to know. Unfortunately, all he wanted to know about was female anatomy—men! He was like a spud, probing, prodding, and peering, the entire evening."

"FOR A VIRGIN, I'VE HAD A PRETTY EXCITING SEX LIFE!"

"When it ended, couples traditionally went parking on Make-Out Mountain (it was so convenient that the businesseeped out M&M). Woodrow had all the sex appeal of a squashed fly, but what the hell. It was Friday Night.

"Then he got the idea that he was a cool cat and I was a brittle book. Soon he was fooling this, squeezing that, plugging up one hole, spreading another, breaching my nipples like breaching an oil well, spreading, prodding, prodding, prodding, prodding, and poking whatever happened to be in front of his fingers. He wouldn't even take a pull at such close range and couldn't decide what to play with first. Woodrow wanted to screw me in the worst way; it was the only way he knew! Anyway, I wouldn't get him when I lost my virginity; it won't be to a nerd like Woodrow White!"

An hour and a half later, the theme song came up with an even more raunchy blazon: a 1974 calendar ("It was a good year"), two numbered ones ("My cat died six years ago, but I've been using them as cases. I got another one"), an empty robe of recognition ("There's a good reason if only I could remember it"), and a lingerie catalogue circa 1968.

"I've always had a fetish for lingerie," Diane explains. "I like the feel of soft things against my body. I know other girls prefer hard things, but I'm a sucker for pretentious brasieres, fancy corsets, and naughty nighties. If you ask me, nowadays panties are easier than pantyhose sometimes. All my crumpled items are still intact in these drawers somewhere too. You know I've always wondered why they're called braaay braa. What kind of training does a girl need to grow this?"

While we pondered that, Diane went fishing again. This time, she pulled out a more recent Grange's for *Cream Puff*.

"HE ASKED ME OUT FOR A SUNDAE, AND SAID HE'D PROVIDE THE CREAM IF I'D SUPPLY THE CHERRY. HE CHANGED HIS TUNE WHEN I SAID I WANTED A BANANA SPLIT, TOPPED WITH CRUSHED NUTS!"

"It's a souvenir from my first date," Diane says. "He asked me out for a sundae, and said he'd provide the cream if I'd supply the cherry. But he changed his tune when I said I wanted a banana split with crushed nuts!"

Back to romancing, Diane crept uncontrollably as she held up a pink model. "We were about to ask, but she told us anyway."







"This came from Lydia. We've been best friends since 1990 grade, and haven't had a year. We've both riggers and structures we get as bony as you could have found in our houses. Our bone folder was really changing the walk. She was a mess so I offered to lend a helping tongue. I went down on her for hours without even coming up for air. Later she passed this monster pussy-pink, and presented it to me to supply the Pink Sucker Award for Outstanding Achievement in Mast-Boring. It was her regular Oral Therapist from then on."

Isaac yawned, suddenly sleepy.

"The past year I've been taking stuff out of those drawers for hours and I still haven't thrown away a single thing! Every now and then something comes. For a while, I've had a pretty exciting sex life."

She'd made out a list worth writing too. ■

